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1871.

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No. 30.

SPRING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARIE S. LADD.

The earth, brown and bare, is struggling to wear
Her dress of soft green,
And in it like a queen
To gladness of eyes and heart and care;
Providing places, pure, without measure.
A host of the sunbeams, like her trove-treasure,
The green in the world it will exhibit,
And coming to light,
Bless the eight with its bright
Beauty and grace, and let the birds sing,
Leaf and blossom will be on earth and on tree,
And the birds will return and chant merrily.
Is warm and still here will fall gentle showers,
And sunshine will bring
With clear that the soft glistens
Were the green of the flowers, and the flowers;
And here and there a frost, the frost will never,
Making it glad to find the sunshine and dew.
Come out from your winter so crusty and cold,
O! dried heart, grown faint
With restraint, or the load
That grieves have held for you, that they still hold,
And such a load, as in the day you may leave,
And good you have not, you may shortly retrieve.
Despair not, for here we are but in the grot;
At once we arise,
One our eyes in surprise,
And we sigh, "How wrong you judge the wrong—
Be merry and wise; this life is our spring."

PEMBERTON;

OR,

One Hundred Years Ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HENRY PETERSON.

(Written according to Act of Congress, in the year
of Henry Peterson, in the Office of the Librarian
of Congress, at Washington.)

PART SECOND.



ARNOLD'S RESIDENCE AT NEW HAVEN.

From Lossing's "Field-Book of the Revolution."

"The house is still standing," Lossing says, "a handsome frame building, unbroken with strawberry."

CHAPTER I.

How I bathed the brook,
A host of dangers—parted life and health,
Shattered my fortune—now to be despaired!
A few bold doates? Our upon them all!

Nearly a year had elapsed since the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British forces—a year productive, as it seemed, of very little benefit to the American cause. The Alliance with France had not been attended as yet with those substantial advantages that generally had been anticipated. The failure of the combined attack upon Rhode Island, the result, as it was observed, of the needless and cowardly sailing of the French fleet to Boston, thus leaving the American portion of the expedition to the hazard of capture, had caused deep irritation, not only in the popular mind, but in the army. And the capture of Savannah by the British a few months later, had naturally increased both the irritation and the disappointment.

The continued depreciation of the Continental paper money, also had a very depressing effect. In spite of the most stringent laws to uphold it as a legal tender, it steadily and rapidly decreased in value. In the June of 1778, it took four dollars of paper to purchase one of specie—nine months afterwards, it took ten. And the depreciation still went—albeit from day to day.

Captain André still was in New York, now acting as Adjutant to the British Commander, Sir Henry Clinton. Colonel Musgrave also was in New York. Both had held correspondence with the Misses Graham as often as opportunity was afforded them by the passage of flags or traces between the two armies. If such opportunities did not come very frequently, both Helen and André belonged to that class of lovers who can live a long time on a few words of love, a few caressed looks. Neither thought for a moment of any failure of affection on either side. They were both ardently admired in their respective circles; and we cannot help thinking that this is a great element of confidence in love. "He loves me, and I am worthy of his love"—who can say that, is not apt to be jealous. Jealousy is often the result of a conviction that you are overvalued—a fear that the lover will swerve from his or her delusion, and see the beloved object as he or she really is. And yet André had once failed in love, when he was younger and less advanced; but the nobility of his nature was not easily prone to jealousy, and when he heard occasionally of Helen Graham as a star of the first magnitude in the new circle of Philadelphia, as she had been in the old, and the taste of the French

and American officers, as she had been before of the British, he felt proud of his beautiful birthright.

On a fine spring morning in 1779—such days as often come, bringing a taste with them of the balmy sweetness of June—Arthur Pemberton stood in the porch of his mother's mansion, enjoying the brightness and the genial warmth. As he stood there, speaking occasionally to a passing acquaintance, a gentleman in military attire came along. He was a man, apparently of about forty years of age, and wore the uniform of a captain in the Canadian service. He walked with a movement of a limper, and carried a gold-headed cane to steady his footsteps. Rather above the medium size, and with a muscular and vigorous frame, his face bore the marks of a bold, determined and energetic spirit. But one could see at a glance that he was more than that—he was also both passionate and overbearing. A man not patient of contradiction or opposition—fiercely impulsive and arrogant—and, therefore, not easily controlled himself, nor able to harmonize with other men of equal rank. Stopping as he arrived opposite Mrs. Pemberton's, he spoke:

"Good morning, Mr. Pemberton. A fine day this."

"A very fine day, General; will you not walk in and see the ladies."

"No, I thank you—it is scarcely late enough for that. I am bound up to the General. But, as it is another early, I will sit down on your porch, if you have no objection, and rest for a minute or two."

"Of course. Does your leg pain you much, now?"

"Only at times—in damp and rheumatic weather. But it is stiff, and lags behind the other."

"That is the second time you have been wounded in that leg, I have heard!" said Pemberton kindly.

"Yes, once at Quebec, and then again at Saratoga. The red-coats seem to have a special spite at that leg. But I cannot complain. I only wondered afterwards, at Saratoga, that I got through with my life. It was like going through the big drops of a thunder-storm."

"Well, I hear that you need not have gone into the fight," replied Pemberton, smiling; "that Gates did not urge you to go."

Arnold laughed bitterly. "No, that is true. He sent Armstrong after me to call me back. I tell you, I led him a round. Wherever the fire was hottest, there I spurred—and there followed Armstrong. But after while I found a place as hot as hell—and then I stopped following me. They said afterwards I was drunk. They're always laying about me, the scoundrels!"

"It is true then that you had no command?"

"No special command—but, you know, when I was once on the field, I contrived nearly everybody there. And they all seemed glad enough to obey and follow me. God's will! I was the midship of battle, soldiers know a leader when they see him, though they may lie about him afterwards."

"And where was Gates?"

"Oh, Gates was in his tent, discussing through his spectacles the pros and cons of our dispute with England—arguing it all out with a wounded British officer."

"He was the chief laurel, however, being the commander," said Pemberton. "You know his friends in Congress, and he has plenty of them, would like to put him in Washington's place. They are perpetually referring to the capture of Burgoyne, and implying that if he had been Commander-in-chief, all the British generals would have been captured by this time."

"I know all that," replied Arnold. "Would I have stood this gross injustice so long, had it not been for the great cause? But every man owes a duty also to himself and to his own self-respect. My motto is—"For myself and for all." Congress appointed, as you know, five Major-Generals, and every one of them was inferior to me in rank. My name was not on the list—though it is a matter of common knowledge that not one of those officers had done and suffered oneself more for the country."

"Well, I hear that you need not have gone into the fight," replied Pemberton, but they force me to boast. Congress will not do me any simple justice. But you know, of course, how they are hounding me!"

"I am glad to see, General, that their Committee has absolved you from all those charges which were brought against you."

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diversion. We shall pass here fast. Had you better done up everything in front, Andie Rosed?

"What! like cowards, that fear the estable?" exclaimed Mrs. Pemberton, rising majestically from her seat. "For, right every knap and nozzle in the room in the front part of the house. And, yes, I am going out into the porch to see what there now? But just if you think there is any danger?"

"Of course, Mrs. Pemberton, we will go with you," replied the young ladies, almost in a huddle. "It is the very thing to do, if you expected an attack. In most of the Household," said Andie gaily.

"Yes, as father used to say, always 'keep the mouth.' Let's look them over indeed," added Helen brightly.

Morris looked at Pemberton. It was a glance of interrogation.

"I think the ladies are right, Phil. And had no more, they cannot get up a mob in Philadelphia, which will harm, or even insult, a woman."

"Then I'm off," said Morris, hastening out of the front door.

By this time, the mob had lit up the front porch, and the ladies had donned their shawls; the noise of the mob could be distinctly heard coming down the street. It was a low, dull roar, as of an approaching tornado.

Mrs. Pemberton and her two maid-servants—Helen laughingly described her sister and herself afterwards—threw wide open the front door, and took their station in the porch, just before the head of the mob reached the house. All the other houses were dark, and tightly closed in front; and the mob, as they came up, were evidently surprised at the festive appearance. Mrs. Pemberton's manner presented, and at the presence of the three ladies on the porch, but they marched on without halting, shouting more, and with muskets, and dragging along, leading the van; and beginning a noisy, vociferous multitude, unarmed save with stones and clubs.

It was evident at once from the passing of the front ranks, that no harm was intended to the Pembertons—unless the breaking of the front windows with stones might be called such. But not a stone was thrown; and when the procession was about half past, to Mrs. Pemberton's excessive surprise, she saw many eyes cast upward, and then heard a rough voice shout:

"Three cheers for the Battle-hammer Flag!" which were given with a will.

"What does it all mean?" said she to Isabella. "Is it possible that old Ed is not forgotten yet?"

The young ladies exchanged glances, but said nothing. The roof over the porch presented itself from among what was passing above, but they had a strong conviction of what was really transpiring. For Foyez, in his anxiety for the safety of the dwelling and its inmates, had gone up-stairs, and was waving the Hatti-shake Flag as a charm and protection from one of the upper windows.

CHAPTER III.

A note—a息息, disorderly mob! I argue not with men in such a mood; have with the hall and bayonet.

No sooner had Pemberton ascertained that the front ranks of the mob had passed the house, than he sprang up his hat and cane, he rapidly down the stairs, and thence to Mr. Wilson's, at the corner of Walnut and Third streets. The mob had not turned inland to Third street, as he feared, but had gone down to Second, as if to dislodge the object they had in view.

At the door of Mr. Wilson's house a number of gentlemen were standing, listening and watching—men of intelligence and high position, who did not choose to see Liberty striken down in the home of its professed friends. Among the twenty or more thus gathered, were some who had commissions in the Continental army, such as Captains Melano and Campbell, Colonel Grayson and General Mifflin.

Soon they heard the roar of the mob, as it turned up Walnut from Second, and came directly towards the house. Now the previously silent and armed men began to shout, crying out, "Death to Traitors! Death to All Tories!"

The gentlemen at once retired within the house, and barricaded the doors. The lower windows were closed tight with shutters, but you could see from the street that the second and third story windows were open.

"Bring out that old Tory, Jim Wilson!" shouted one, who appeared to be the leader of the mob. "Bring him out, I say—or your blood be upon your own heads!"

A clear, ringing voice from the house replied: "No one ever knew afterwards where Jim Wilson was. Let me tell who now the laws of the land, and would not suffer harm, stand free before this house—which is James Wilson's castle. If they will not, their blood be upon their own heads!"

The words were hardly out of the speaker's mouth, before a shot from some rank hand had entered the second story window whence the voice proceeded. And immediately, like an echo, came the report of one musket from the same window, followed by a shriek from a man who stood near the leader of the rioters, as he threw up his hands, and fell to the ground mortally wounded.

At this, there was a volley from the mob, answered by a sharp volley from the house. The bullet whistled up his hat and cane, he rapidly down the stairs, and thence to Mr. Wilson's, at the corner of Walnut and Third streets.

The mob had not turned inland to Third street, as he feared, but had gone down to Second, as if to dislodge the object they had in view.

"The—The—died!"—soon followed by a sharp crack, as one of the panels of the door was staved in. But the moment the panel gave way, the besieged fired a volley from the entry through the opening, and the two soldiers staggered back and fell dead on the pavement.

But the contest probably would have gone hard with the defenders of the house, if at this moment the cry of "The house! the house!" had not been heard from the rear of the mob; and supporting a whole troop was upon them, the greater part of the veterans—most of all, in every direction, sweeping up their wounded, and the dying, through the dark, like a very, well-organized, just and benevolent. Morris had found these at their quarters, and, hearing the firing, had hastened to take an attack, without waiting for any news of their number. As it turned out, there were sufficient; though others, in a short time, came riding in, and the city was put under regular patrol.

Of the destruction of the house, which was ended after a few hours, half in fire and half in smoke, Fort Wilson—the Captain-General, and all, were never, were informed. Of the others, five hundred were killed, and a large number were wounded. But, of course, the number of the latter could never be known—so they had no desire to incur in addition the dangers of a criminal prosecution.

When Pemberton returned home, half-an-hour afterwards, he found his mother and the young ladies anxiously awaiting him.

"I am all safe, mother," said he, as he entered the room.

"Did he threaten?" exclaimed Mrs. Pemberton, as she sprang forward and seized him. "And I know every other lad here who has come up and banded him. And then Helen. The contempt and opulence of this moment improved their usual commanding behavior. It seemed very natural to both of them to do this, and even Mrs. Pemberton, downcast to the last degree, did not open her grave eyes.

Pemberton related what had taken place—a great deal of which they had already learned from the description of yesterday which had plainly heard.

"Ah, my son," said his mother, this is what I feared, as the result of throwing off their dutiful allegiance to the King. It is but a step from Rebellion to the Mob. Well, we have given King Mob a pretty good lesson," replied Pemberton, proudly. "I think it will be a good while before another mob raises its head in Philadelphia."

"I hope so," rejoined his mother, shaking her head dismally; "but this Revolution is a mob, and if it succeeds, it will be the triumph of a mob."

"Yes," said Helen, "and then it will die of a mob. Once more said that if the King would but withdraw his armies, the Rebellion would fail to pieces of itself."

"I wish he would only try the experiment," replied Pemberton. "Come, Helen, that is a ground we both meet on."

"I think in time we were all going to bed, girls," said Mrs. Pemberton. "You must take care of your rooms"; and, obedient to her bidding, they followed her up the porch, but they marched with a good will, and, after another pause, leading the van; and, beginning a noisy, vociferous multitude, unarmed save with stones and clubs.

It was evident at once from the passing of the front ranks, that no harm was intended to the Pembertons—unless the breaking of the front windows with stones might be called such. But not a stone was thrown; and when the procession was about half past, to Mrs. Pemberton's excessive surprise, she saw many eyes cast upward, and then heard a rough voice shout:

"Three cheers for the Battle-hammer Flag!" which were given with a will.

"What does it all mean?" said she to Isabella. "Is it possible that old Ed is not forgotten yet?"

The young ladies exchanged glances, but said nothing. The roof over the porch presented itself from among what was passing above, but they had a strong conviction of what was really transpiring. For Foyez, in his anxiety for the safety of the dwelling and its inmates, had gone up-stairs, and was waving the Hatti-shake Flag as a charm and protection from one of the upper windows.

Morris looked at Pemberton. It was a glance of interrogation.

"I think the ladies are right, Phil. And had no more, they cannot get up a mob in Philadelphia, which will harm, or even insult, a woman."

"Then I'm off," said Morris, hastening out of the front door.

By this time, the mob had lit up the front porch, and the ladies had donned their shawls; the noise of the mob could be distinctly heard coming down the street. It was a low, dull roar, as of an approaching tornado.

Mrs. Pemberton and her two maid-servants—Helen laughingly described her sister and herself afterwards—threw wide open the front door, and took their station in the porch, just before the head of the mob reached the house. All the other houses were dark, and tightly closed in front; and the mob, as they came up, were evidently surprised at the festive appearance. Mrs. Pemberton's manner presented, and at the presence of the three ladies on the porch, but they marched on without halting, shouting more, and with muskets, and dragging along, leading the van; and beginning a noisy, vociferous multitude, unarmed save with stones and clubs.

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It was evident at once from the passing of the front ranks, that no harm was intended to the Pembertons—unless the breaking of the front windows with stones might be called such. But not a stone was thrown; and when the procession was about half past, to Mrs. Pemberton's excessive surprise, she saw many eyes cast upward, and then heard a rough voice shout:

"Three cheers for the Battle-hammer Flag!" which were given with a will.

"What does it all mean?" said she to Isabella. "Is it possible that old Ed is not forgotten yet?"

The young ladies exchanged glances, but said nothing. The roof over the porch presented itself from among what was passing above, but they had a strong conviction of what was really transpiring. For Foyez, in his anxiety for the safety of the dwelling and its inmates, had gone up-stairs, and was waving the Hatti-shake Flag as a charm and protection from one of the upper windows.

Morris looked at Pemberton. It was a glance of interrogation.

"I think the ladies are right, Phil. And had no more, they cannot get up a mob in Philadelphia, which will harm, or even insult, a woman."

"Then I'm off," said Morris, hastening out of the front door.

By this time, the mob had lit up the front porch, and the ladies had donned their shawls; the noise of the mob could be distinctly heard coming down the street. It was a low, dull roar, as of an approaching tornado.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TOGETHER.

Oh! take me with you, my darling,
I'll follow where'er you lead,
To the greatest heights of bliss,
Through the darkest ways I'll speed.

Over the leaves of pleasure,
With sensations such as none,
As the heart's desire, the wild blossoms
Lay the floral wreath.

Travelling on airy wings,
Clouds will float with the breeze,
And the wild birds will teach me
That your needs demand to travel.

I'll learn from the outside sphere
To the secret hidden truth,
The stage I tread at young age.

I'll know the light of beauty—
From your love's smile, I'll learn,
And cheer with a smile of pleasure,
Mistress' self adores.

Together we'll journey onward,
And with the outcome's hand
The tablet will read together
In the shadowy spirit-world.

Together enter its portals,
With the world, Death, Sleep wide,
Together front the claims of God,
With your strong hand will my guide.

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

BY PIERCE BOGAN.

AVENUE OF "THE FLOWERS OF TWO FACES,"
"VIOLET"; OR, THE WOMAN OF KING-
WOOD CHAMPS, "DAISY."

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOHN STOKES TAKES TRUTHS, AND UNSHAKABLES A NEW MIRAGE.

"Joyce-Pokey" Stokes proved to be as insensible to the whining tones of Titus Vink as if he had been formed of the hardest adamant.

His sneaking, snuffing, coining, and dithering expressions were to him as the thousand spray drops from a rock of stone. His tribute to her beauty was like a rattling trumpet-call for doo. His appeal to her sweet-sense of discrimination was as lame to a thin-skinned Arabian steed.

In answer to his unanswerable it was that he had nothing more to fear from her this interview, and he at once began to collect his scattered thoughts—for that they had been as much scattered as a flight of starlings would have been by a discharge of grape-shot from a forty-pounder there was no doubt.

He knew the woman, and he was satisfied that he had nothing more to fear from her this interview, and he at once began to collect his scattered thoughts—for that they had been as much scattered as a flight of starlings would have been by a discharge of grape-shot from a forty-pounder there was no doubt.

He knew that everybody had said that.

"Hoity-toity" Joyce Stokes would marry a gentleman's son, or 'ould keep her carry before she died; but he also knew that she shortly disappeared from Chalgrove, so no one knew when, how, or why, and that she returned there some four years subsequently, dejected, drooping, broken-spirited—a shadow of her bright, buoyant self—and with her a little fair baby girl.

She had still so much presence of character left, that no one dared question her about her absence about the child, or even to drop in that she had deserted upon her good directly or otherwise.

A hunting whip had converted the tongue of a few thoughts, and, as the contents of a few lines had arrested the amorous eye of a former admirer, Titus Vink, awaiting these proceedings, had approached her at that time with reverence, for he was desirous that she should insure her life in his "hovel" at nine-pence a week, and was not ambitious that she should show her "muse" about his lean form during any transaction he might have with her.

It was during this negotiation that she made a proposal to him of infinitely superior merit to the insurance business. There was very much more "money in it," although the insurance—with a slight drawback in a private's account, which was not, however, quite so plain—had the task of successfully intrusted him with, receiving a large sum for which, in her name, he had bargained, and which he knew her to be awaiting with a restless, carking anxiety, having destined it for a purpose which was of vital importance to herself—and at that point he closed the transaction.

"True," he said, loathingly. "I would as soon a toad rested on my skin as your finger. Use your tongue, man. Your touch is that of a reptile."

"So foolish and fatuous," he sniggered as he thought, if she were only a man, how he would stamp and wipe his boots on her. He would buy a carter's pair, well-harnessed, to do it.

"I gave you that fair-haired, white-skinned child to place in Mr. Rokeby's hands, and you did it, that I know," she resumed, hotly.

"The proceeds was obtained by a juggling, specious, coining crafty blackguard, without a atom o' religious feelin' or com-pukshun in him," interrupted Titus, with affected virtuous indignation. "The an-

"Mr. Rokeby did grant the annuity, I think," she interposed, eagerly.

"O course he did," he replied, shutting his eyes, and speaking through his nose.

"It was an 'artful wif to have had it made out in your name, but you said your name isn't to be mentioned, on yur father's."

"True."

"Well, it wouldn't ha' done to a 'd to make out in the hold man's name. He would ha' kicked up a frantick hobbity, if it had a come to the ears o' old Martin Stokes."

"It would, indeed," she muttered, thoughtfully.

"So I was plagued—I say I was obliged

to have it made out in my own, pursued Titus, with the air of one in deep affliction.

"I did it for the best, all for the best, but—so I pretye desidred him to a billet, for fear of accident."

"I will, indeed," she muttered, thoughtfully.

"So I was plagued—I say I was obliged

to have it made out in my own, pursued Titus, with the air of one in deep affliction.

"I did it for the best, all for the best, but—so I pretye desidred him to a billet, for fear of accident."

"I am a better now, you swindlin' thief!" she murmured, moodily.

"A hideous trifl," he returned,

in the tones of a rooky parrot. "I'm dead, which is somethin' rememberin' the club o' Erskine's, also the harm o' Samson disfurnished it. How I want ha' kept Leofel himself! Tell me, how does she look now she is a woman grown?"

"Well," replied Titus, reflectively, "she does look all that. I only saw her for a mon-

ment, and he muttered—

"Six tablespoonfuls evry art 'out till a cup's been tasted."

"Are you better now, you swindlin' thief!" she murmured, moodily.

"I lost my temper over you, I suppose, you swindlin' robber," she answered, giddily.

"Could it ha' been me as found it?" he remarked, faintly. "He who seeks shall find; but I woun't beokin'—it come to me."

"Well, it ran away with me—what mat'ers?" she rejoined impatiently. "What signifies which?"

"A good deal to me," he answered, ruf-fally.

"It bolted with you—it took the bit into its mouth and out away like mad. But you staid to your seat, as you larrupped me instest o' myself—I mean your tem-tempy, I don't know what you mean. I feel as if somebody had mistook me for a barrow, and had drawn me over shingle o' beach stones, boulders an' broken flint stones."

"Close your whiskin'," she interrupted sternly. "You have not had a quarter what you deserve, half what you will have if you make the slightest attempt to defraud and cheat me again. I have given you a slight sample. Be warned! I want now to talk with you on serious matters, and on reflection I am glad you came to-day."

Titus Vink groaned and reflected men-tally.

"To think I should ha' been such a he-

the time on the fire. It was hard at first to distinguish between the agony of a burn or the pain of a wound; but he noticed that he was suffering the torture of both, and that she had not only beaten him nearly to death, but had designed to finish him off by roasting him—profoundly.

To his amazement, he presently found her gently bathing his dress, and inserting into his lips a feather with honey in it. He lay very quiet, with his eyes closed firmly, and allowed her to bathe his face and administer the fragrant spirit. He would have preferred a larger spoon; but he felt that there was an awkwardness in continuing that preparation to her under the circumstances.

After a short time she ceased her Samaritan labors, and remained her seat—to watch him, as he recovered, and he was right.

"The battle is over for the present," he thought, with growing teeth. "The Lord is fit on her side this round, an' he's permitted her a respectable minn'. However, it'll be my turn next to go in with the heat, and when I do, I'll begin work with her with the lark, an' only hand with the haw. An' if the Lord is goin' to see to me, I'll make her small o' burnt feathers, too."

He opened his practicable eye again, and looked fixedly at her. She was seated near to him, bending forward, with her elbows resting on her knees, and both hands supporting her chin. Her bright, dark eyes were fastened on him, yet he could see that as far as his conscience was concerned, he was more vacuous than ever. For his thoughts were evidently over.

He saw, too, that there was a sad expression, rather than a malignant one, on her face, that the glow of her cheeks had passed over, and if the sky was not yet clear, the hoarish clouds had disappeared.

He knew the woman, and he was satisfied that he had nothing more to fear from her this interview, and he at once began to collect his scattered thoughts—for that they had been as much scattered as a flight of starlings would have been by a discharge of grape-shot from a forty-pounder there was no doubt.

He knew that everybody had said that he had nothing more to fear from her this interview, and he at once began to collect his scattered thoughts—for that they had been as much scattered as a flight of starlings would have been by a discharge of grape-shot from a forty-pounder there was no doubt.

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"At the Prince," he retorted, with a sudden affection of loftiness. "He has a hawk-like eye to my 'practicable,' he ejaculated, with seeming simplicity, but with artful meaning.

"I am not in the subject," he declared instantly. "That is, I am not in the subject."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

as heavy as if we were not by lot destined of cities, and bound down daily in professional practice to the corruption and contamination of pulmonary disease.

June 26.—The repetition of Jake of Elsinore did not improve upon closer inspection. After a somewhat hasty meal at the Pausa de Arriba at Madrid, and capital its frequent need, moreover, I found myself equipped, companion with tobacco-pouch, in our small boat destined to take a turn on the way, and set out to seek Madrid's Jake, master. Nobody at the ponds had ever heard of that estimable but most unfortunate female of venerable years, so we had to trust the master to our lucky stars, which had well befriended us so far. The tale of Boston in which the town of Elsinore do nothing and hides, came up ready to the view at this particular point, and numerous mountain roads made houses, stony and steep. Traversing for a couple of hours it was not with us; at the end of which pectoral repose we took shelter in the task of two street detectives. An old man, with a log on his back, a cigar in his mouth, and eyes open to sight. There were several mothers of misery in Israel, but none who owned a Jake that he knew of. "Jacobs? him?" There was a young fellow of that name who belonged to a young woman in the hollow under; there was no old woman, however, but a whole hostful of not-sure-veans. With some wonder shadowed in our face, well bronzed just then by the "livery of the barnished man," Jocelyn and I made a bee-line for the "hollow under."

It was easily seen, but hard to climb to, for the hollow was in fact no hollow at all, but a slippery ledge high up on the hillside. We got to it at last. Some bold daring-do of ours were tumbling about in the dirt with untasted freedom, and at the intersection of our paths one little urchin, bearing an appealing resemblance to Jake of Elsinore, stared up at us for an instant, and ran off frightened into the house. Directly, a rather plump, blooming woman of twenty-five, much marked from hard work and exposure to the weather, came to the door with a bold, self-possessed swagger, and eyed us keenly for several minutes. We went toward her.

"Does Jacobo the guide dwell here?"

"He is away, sonorito."

"You are his wife, and these are his children?"

"Si, sonorito."

"Where is his mother?"

"Dead, sonorito, these twenty years. Why seek you Jacobo? Want you a guide?"

"Si, sonorito—one for the mountains. Who can we look for his return?"

"He is away now for more than a fortnight. I know not where."

"Ah! we consulted for a moment in English, when Jocelyn resumed the cross-questioning: "How long have you been married, señora?"

"Ten years, come next San Isidro, señoria."

"Were you born at Elsinore?"

"No, sonorito—at San Juanes."

"Did you know one Manao, an Indian at that place?"

"Ah, si, sonorito. I am his only daughter."

Jocelyn and I exchanged significant glances.

"Did not Jacobo once kill a stranger there from Pamplona, out of jealousy?"

"Oh no, sonorito. Jacobo is a peaceable fellow, and never harmed a soul, to my knowledge."

"Has he not been to the wars?"

"No, sonorito. He is nothing but an honest mountain-guide."

"Jocelyn," said I, "there must be some mistake here. May there not be two Jacobs?"

Jocelyn pondered, and then replied—

"My dear fellow, that black-eyed boy peeping around his mother's skirt is a sufficient proof that we are right. We are on the trail of the knave, but how are we to catch him?"—that's the question. Señora, we have heard much of Jacobo the guide. Will you have the kindness to run down to the inn as soon as he comes home, and let us know of his return? We want him very much, and will pay him well. Here is a purse for the little one."

"Si, sonorito—muchas gracias!"

When we were clear of her, Jocelyn said, "The stamp will suspect who we are, and be off again like a shot, I am afraid. But we can't sit here all night watching his hair. It won't pay."

"I wonder," said I, "the woman surpasses what sort of coos we intend to reward her worthy husband in when he turns up?"

"The fellow may be dead by this time, and poor Teresa (or Chico) there a widow with six small children, according to the foreman. He had a pretty hard fall."

And so it all might be.

"Just as it was." "Rogues and rascals are fire-and-water-proof," runs the Castilian adage.

This morning, at the hour the larks repeat themselves with song, a knock at our bedroom door disturbed the peaceful current of our dreams. Imagine our amazement when, in obedience to our crusty bidding, the resolute Jacobo himself, in proper person, deliberately walked into the room, and gave us the tip of the morning in Spanish, without the slightest show of embarrassment!—Jocelyn and I, each supported upon an elbow and with mouth wide open, gaped long and stupidly at the early intruder, without uttering a word.

Jocelyn was the first to gain his presence of mind: "Will you be so obliging as to throw open that shutter, my good fellow?"

"Si, Gracias! Where were you hurt?"

"Hurt! hurt! sonorito!"

"Yes—when I flung you over the ledge?"

"I, señor. You must be still asleep. No lady in the world ever since the Queen of Sheba had a very gentle child, sonorito."

Even Jocelyn was astounded. "Well, you are an imp! Are you not horrified?"

"Not a bit. Why should I be, señor?"

"Tell me, if you please, as truthfully as you are able, what became of you when you gave us the slip that night among the mountains!"

"Assuredly, señor. I will be as candid as a new-born donkey. You may trust me implicitly, except with a rival and enemies; then I am dangerous. You must know that when I lost you in the darkness of that storm on the pyre, I sought about for some hours, thinking you were hiding from me in jest—it would have been a likely practical joke, señores—but I slowly went back to Sambilia to ask for you, you having not been seen there. I have hidden you, señores, that you might have a quiet life in thine. At the end of several days I started for Elsinore, with the intention of retaking my steps to Vera, in hopes of obtaining another engagement as guide, for my integrity and honor are common topics of conversation among my friends. They all love me, señores."

"Jocelyn," said I, "what ought to be done with this rascal? Will you get up and give him a kickings, or shall I?"

Without replying, Jocelyn sat up sharply in bed, his countenance aglow with humor, and making a profound obeisance to Jake of Elsinore, addressed him as follows: "None, señor, your humble servant! I have not in my time a few expert dispositions, but I shall they stand you the price of dispelling to you. You have a right to be satisfied with me, señor. I am the son of King Edward III. You have the birth of a rascal who never existed, disengaged from the dross that lived and died but in your brain, and but the other day re-

lived the passing existence of an aged mother of ninety who has been sleeping quietly in her grave for the last twenty years. In addition to these little miseries, you have imposed upon your bosom, to your wife according to custom, in cold blood, and would have killed and, perhaps, murdered us if we had been strong enough you, or if I had had the strength, you would have done it. Moreover, you will bring your wife to justice, and let you give pleasure you, or any other, to the family. And, Adonis, and, Democritus, which a heliopolitan character is, Democritus has been received teller of meetings held in his house, and of resolutions adopted expressive of the greatest credit to him by mankind, for the nation's government and industry that he displayed in bringing to perfection and giving to the world the invention that has been so incalculable a blessing to the human race. One of the largest and most ornate of these meetings was held in the House of Representatives of the United States, in Washington, D. C., on April 10, 1861, before the Civil War, by the Hon. John G. Nicolay, of Illinois, and the Speaker of the House, Mr. W. C. Gannett, of Massachusetts. Among those present were the Presidents of the United States, the Cabinet, the Supreme Court Justices, the Governors of the States, other members of Congress, and distinguished men, who had been invited to the meeting, and who had been received with great courtesy and respect, to the satisfaction of the speakers."

"Now, listen, sonorito—"

And the fellow sprang into action, shouting with every instance the mystery-Jota Argonave.

June 27.—On leaving Elsinore we decided to rejoin France by the famous pass of Roncaville. Walking at a round but not too tiresome pace we kept to the beaten road, and stopping at nightfall at a wretched half-way post-houses, rose early next morning and pushed on briskly. About noon we struck the gorge whence the path diverges, on a narrow knoll, inched and read guide-book, which we found far more reliable than a live guide such as had proved.

The hamlet of Roncaville lies in a lovely meadow carpeted by a velvet lawn and spanned by lofty forest trees—one of the finest pastoral pictures in the world. As it looks upon us involuntarily paused and pondered in delight. The ruined Augustan convenant of Our Lady of the Dale still stands as a sentry over the Virgin of Roncaville's beautiful valley-home.

We were glad to see that the village pass was almost opposite this forest sanctuary, and from the little window of our chamber we commanded a superb view of it, especially after the noon sun and its orange-tinted hues quivered among the broken towers and turrets. Truly it was a magic scene, as though the fairy loveliness dwelt upon through a life-time.

The ground about Roncaville is classic in history. During the eighth century the Emperor Charlemagne so recklessly invaded Navarre at the front of a noble army bearing the standard banner of the Cross, in order to drive out the Heathen followers of the Cross from so fair a heritage. But, unfortunately, Moor and Spaniard, Mohammedan and Catholic, turban and plumed helmet locked together with one accord under the same battle-flag, raised the stern war-ary of "Ains against Franks!" and chose the brave Bernardo del Corpo for their common chief. At Roncaville the battle was fought with extraordinary desperation; the great emperor of the West, after prolixity of personal prowess, was forced to withdraw; the carriage was mortally wounded, and scores of mailed knights and their devoted helmets were made to lie the dust in death. Both Cross and Crescent claimed the honor of victory, and Christian Charlemagne lay dead beside his best cavalry on that disastrous day.

The ballads of Bernardo are still chanted by the rioters of Navarre as they drive their hooks homeward at night, and in them the son is ascribed wholly to the benevolent intercession of the Blessed Virgin of the Valley—a fact never doubted by any true Spaniard.

At Leesburg, Va., a man named Charles E. Lloyd, died suddenly four years ago. In 1870 his two sons died suddenly, and subsequently his two daughters and a female relative sickened and died in a similar manner.

The last California earthquake had the effect of suddenly curing several lame beggars in San Francisco.

"Mrs. Potter Palmer is the belle of Washington, and the capital's beauty are in play in the hands of the police."

"A note from a gentleman who was 'uncovered' in Maine, states that during the last storm two such snows were blown through the keyholes of the outside door of the house where he was sleeping, and that it took two men two days to sweep it out. And that wasn't the hardest storm of the month by any means."

"A Philadelphia girl being asked if she had not once been engaged by a party by the name of Jackson, who was at the time a student at the University, languidly responded, 'I remember the name of Jackson perfectly, but I do not recall about the man.'

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"A world known in a town somewhere other than Paris at a prayer meeting the other evening, the speaker said that was to be held immediately after, and added:

"There is no objection to the same brother remaining. This reminds me of a clergyman who held in his service last Sunday of a very affecting scene, where 'there wasn't a dry tear in the house.'

"The Postmaster of Isaacs, Mich., receives a salary of \$12 per annum.

"The fashion of throwing an old slipper after the marriage of a newly-married couple is supposed to mean that the chances of matrimony are very slippery."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS.

WE WOULD RECOMMEND HIS BOOK TO OUR FRIENDS.

On Tuesday, the 10th of April, the whole world will be rejoicing, according to the news of a grand and glorious victory of the French over the English at the battle of Waterloo, the termination of the war between France and England, and the restoration of Louis Philippe to the throne.

On Wednesday, the 11th of April, the French government will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Thursday, the 12th of April, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Friday, the 13th of April, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Saturday, the 14th of April, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Sunday, the 15th of April, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Monday, the 16th of April, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Tuesday, the 17th of April, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Wednesday, the 18th of April, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Thursday, the 19th of April, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Friday, the 20th of April, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Saturday, the 21st of April, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Sunday, the 22nd of April, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Monday, the 23rd of April, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Tuesday, the 24th of April, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Wednesday, the 25th of April, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Thursday, the 26th of April, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Friday, the 27th of April, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Saturday, the 28th of April, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Sunday, the 29th of April, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Monday, the 30th of April, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Tuesday, the 1st of May, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Wednesday, the 2nd of May, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Thursday, the 3rd of May, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Friday, the 4th of May, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Saturday, the 5th of May, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Sunday, the 6th of May, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Monday, the 7th of May, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Tuesday, the 8th of May, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Wednesday, the 9th of May, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Thursday, the 10th of May, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

On Friday, the 11th of May, the French will be restored, and the king will be enthroned.

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WE AND HUMOR.

LEAF YEAR WADDESS.

A San Francisco paper, in describing a "leaf year waddess," at which the leaves of all the trees in the city, except those of the eucalyptus, turned green, writes: "The leafy season—Sister Flossie was seated in a beautiful black dress-jumper, cut doublets, with coral trim, and buttons of the same on the back. Open in front, it disclosed an elegant pair of stockings, an immodest blouse, and a manteau noir, tied with emerald ties; brother Edie. J. D. Davis, a charming blonde, was also attired in a bonnie dress, covered over in squares in the neck, on frocks open in front, disclosing an elegant pair with a peacock plucking on the end, a radiating skirt, many white and crimson on crimson, with diamond fringes, hair a la Agnes Seductress, with profusion of the "soft" very ornate and profuse. A. E. Lovell, a fascinating blonde, with curly hair, was attired in a costume of diamonds with a diamond belt; with a diamond necklace and diamonds on her hands; with French lace-trimmed; overlaid with coral, and trimmed with black lace, with brooches of the same. An exquisite pair of light black pants, cut a la Louise, with coral buttons. A Shakespearean color, and a delicate lope to complete the picture. Hair a la Mary Antoinette—about ten. J. R. Stanford, a stately blonde, was dressed in a heavy corded red dress coat, cut a la Black Prince, with coral train; heavy brooches buttons on the pantie, which were very conspicuous; and a delicate salmon-colored tie with wide stripes. Hair a la Shakespeare—nearly all gone. Ben Marston, the boy of the evening, was elegantly attired in a clean shirt, with collar to match; elegant black cuff-hammettes and bracelets, with diamonds at the back. A white Matador was cast adorably—wearing a white matador, with blue pants, and the cap embroidered, with blue bows, and a blue sash to carry a fan. His hat was decorated in the middle, with gold buttons on each side, and covered with silk threads. Very stylish. Marshal Shadoff, a bewitching blonde, wore an elegant coat with delicate tails, pincushions to match. A delicate blonde who gave a thoughtful appearance to his lofty brow, which was admirably draped and finished with beautiful chestnut hair. F. Bryant, a charming blonde, looked exceedingly bewitching in a white open-brocaded shirt, with applique ruffles and bobbinet insertions. Her dress coat was unexceptionable, as also was his Marmalade vest. Hair frizzed in front and curled at the back a la Marmalade. Noah Lee, an entrancingly beautiful blonde, was elegantly gotten up in a brocade coat out door blue, with blue trimmings on the tails. Very neat and appropriate. Hair a la Paul Offord. Lifine in his brocade coat. Mr. Collier, a rare blonde, was attired in a light-blue matador, with bows to match. Very neat and much admired. J. M. Estellino, a charming blonde, and one of the beauties of the evening, was attired in a black swallow-tail coat, cut square in the neck, with court train. Exceedingly charming. Among the ladies present were Mrs. J. L. Smith, Mrs. G. R. Stanford, Mrs. F. R. Bowen and Mrs. Webster.

VISIT TO A FEMALE SEMINARY.

A passing correspondent from the New York Sun recently visited a female seminary, and here is his account of it:

The bus school-masters shivered me round, and the sweetest lot of lasses I ever saw were those lasses. They beat lasses Candy. It was like looking at a great big patch of ripe strawberries, all of 'em sweet, but here and there one 'un a little bigger than the rest, and somehow I liked the biggest ones best. I told the boys that I didn't think this could be a good school.

Says he: "Why?"

Said I: "There are too many misses here for correct lasses."

Then he called up a lovely girl in green muslin, with a yellow silk string round her neck, and she stepped up to a pane glass blackboard and took a piece of chalk and dashed it all up. Then the boys exclaimed: "What do you think of that?"

I told him that any fool could make white marks on a blackboard with a piece of chalk. "Give her a piece of charcoal," says I, "and if she makes them white marks with that, then she will be smart."

Then he said it was from memory.

"No!" said I, "you don't say that is from memory; what in thunder is the thing any how?" It looked like a specimen of halsomining.

"Why," said he, "that is the map of Asia."

"Drawn by a minor," said I; "that makes it Asia Minor."

Then he asked me what I took it for, and I told him I took it for a skating pond. That ended the geography exercise, and we went to matinée. The bus told us to give us a problem to solve. I did, and I don't think they have solved it yet. I got up and I said:

"My dear young ladies, I propose to you the following problem, and I'll give you ten minutes to stick your fingers in your ears, and rock to and fro to solve it—if it takes one hundred years for a hard-shelled clam to hop one mile on foot, a voracious measure, how long will it take a locomotive going forty miles an hour to reach its destination, apothecaries' weight?"

They couldn't one of 'em do it. One wanted to know how old the clam was, another where the destination; in fact, they wanted me to do the sum for 'em, and I got disgusted and left.

THE SECRET OUT.

Professor Agassiz has written home to say: "I am satisfied, since I have examined the meteoric pierrot, that trilobites are not any more closely related to the phyllopods than to any other entomostomate or to the trilobites."

Ever since we have known the Professor we have been painfully oppressed with the conviction that he had a secret narrow propping up his mind. He tried to hide the fact from us by staging comic scenes and playing lively tunes on his organ-pipe, but with-out avail, his profound melancholy, not to mention the story of his wife. We tried to obtain from him a confession of the cause of his anguish, but in vain. We know it now. His mind was haunted by an indescribable apprehension that "tributes" were "more closely related to the phyllopods" than to other entomostomates or to the trilobites." If he had discovered that the contrary really was the case, we fear that his sensitive nature could not have endured the agony which must have tortured him. He would have sunk beneath it. How thankful ought we all to be, then, that he had a chance reversion, his mind being possessed by a "meteoric pierrot." And so, while a feeling of great relief might be to consider that the "meteoric pierrot" had not told the truth all would have been over with the Professor! We are the better pleased with this discovery because we have believed for years that the phyllopods were really related to the trilobites on either their father's or their mother's side, and had no knowledge of the tributes, and now we see that we are wrong. Whether this fortunate discovery will have any influence upon the scientific production of the Gulf Stream, or upon the marine of Government, remains to be seen.

Let us hope for the best.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

Some hot water heated to a wease of *Goldey*. "Say, boy, let's break your books; do it in the fire-side, on top and bottom done like this."—*John Price*.

LEAVES FOR A PEACEABLE DAY.

No. 6.

SAVED FROM THE FLOOD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CAPTAIN GARNER.

We promised, you recollect, to see Dolly Bandit again after the ruthless attack of the robbers upon her. Well, the villain, the Government agent, of the Infidelity of the general, our friend Flossie, was seized in a beautiful black dress-jumper, cut doublets, with coral train, and buttons of the same on the back. Open in front, it disclosed an elegant pair of stockings, an immodest blouse, and a manteau noir, tied with emerald ties; brother Edie. As I entered, a charming blonde, was also attired in a bonnie dress, covered over in squares in the neck, on frocks open in front, disclosing an elegant pair of stockings, and buttons of the same. An exquisite pair of light black pants, cut a la Louise, with coral buttons. A Shakespearean color, and a delicate lope to complete the picture. Hair a la Mary Antoinette—about ten. J. R. Stanford, a stately blonde, was dressed in a heavy corded red dress coat, cut a la Black Prince, with coral train; heavy brooches buttons on the pantie, which were very conspicuous; and a delicate salmon-colored tie with wide stripes. Hair a la Shakespeare—nearly all gone. Ben Marston, the boy of the evening, was elegantly attired in a clean shirt, with collar to match; elegant black cuff-hammettes and bracelets, with diamonds at the back. A white Matador was cast adorably—wearing a white matador, with blue pants, and the cap embroidered, with blue bows, and a blue sash to carry a fan. His hat was decorated in the middle, with gold buttons on each side, and covered with silk threads. Very stylish. Marshal Shadoff, a bewitching blonde, wore an elegant coat with delicate tails, pincushions to match. A delicate blonde who gave a thoughtful appearance to his lofty brow, which was admirably draped and finished with beautiful chestnut hair. F. Bryant, a charming blonde, looked exceedingly bewitching in a white open-brocaded shirt, with applique ruffles and bobbinet insertions. Her dress coat was unexceptionable, as also was his Marmalade vest. Hair frizzed in front and curled at the back a la Marmalade. Noah Lee, an entrancingly beautiful blonde, was elegantly gotten up in a brocade coat out door blue, with blue trimmings on the tails. Very neat and appropriate. Hair a la Paul Offord. Lifine in his brocade coat. Mr. Collier, a rare blonde, was attired in a light-blue matador, with bows to match. Very neat and much admired. J. M. Estellino, a charming blonde, and one of the beauties of the evening, was attired in a black swallow-tail coat, cut square in the neck, with court train. Exceedingly charming. Among the ladies present were Mrs. J. L. Smith, Mrs. G. R. Stanford, Mrs. F. R. Bowen and Mrs. Webster.

"Now is the time," said Daniel to his brother-in-law, "for us to get up to—no need of supplies; next week we shall want bread for our ploughing, and the fall in high gear."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Ellen, "are you both going to leave Dolly and me alone while you are away?"

"Nonsense," laughed Daniel, "we shall be gone only two days if we have good luck."

"But if it rains—"

"Rain or shine, we shall be back on the afternoon of the third day, Ellen; Dolly now, she doesn't put on one protest, and I'll warrant her heart has pumpled down like lead at the thought of getting along without Burke."

Dolly fanned up like a pony, and soon hoisted the offender's ears.

"Dear, well, Dolly is a frontier woman, and that makes so much difference."

"She is, eh? Why? She's been out here on the rim of the great globe just three years."

"I suppose, then, people are made of different material, one from another."

"There you have it, Ellen; and after we return—not before, mind—will show the trade-mark of the frontier upon her arms."

And amidst a torrent of regret from Ellen Dolly keeping silent, the young man early in the morning started on their fifty miles' journey to F. Owing to there being good navigation to that point, they could procure supplies much cheaper there than at any place below.

That night the clouds closed in low and heavy, and by midnight the rain ran out of the heavens in streams, roaring over the broad plains like a second deluge, and driving by the little house on the clearing in heavy, sweeping folds.

The horses were saved for early, and the women betook themselves to the fire upon the hearth with most lonely feelings.

Faster and heavier came the tempest, while the wind struck with a hollow roar against the buildings, sounding like the rumble of distant thunder. One good thing, however, came from the storm; they could not hear the noise of the wild animals on game hunting grounds.

The rain poured off the next day, so that the bridge, Dolly's, called inexperienced Ellen, "I shall die of fear."

"The wind would carry my voice from there to you, Ellen, and pray for us all," was the brave reply, as Dolly, turning out from the shelter of the building was soon after unhooked by a powerful blast of wind that dashed against her. With a faint hope nearly dying in the grasp of a great fear and a dreadful probability, she turned directly into the face of the rushing gale, and urged the sturdy, somewhat stubborn horse forward into a gallop. The way was terribly rough for the speed which she knew to be necessary, added to the cloudiness of the night.

Holding up firmly at the roan's many stumbles, while jets of muddy water spouted up from unthought-of places, she made all possible dispatch, until she came to the river, distinctly heard and duly seen by breakings in the clouds, which occasionally allowed a star to glimmer a moment and then speedily eclipsed it, and here her breath failed her. The body of water in the direction of the ford had overflowed the low banks and poured a broad, foaming sheet three-quarters of a mile in width along the level bottom land on either side of the usually peaceable fork of the L. river.

By a resolute stroke of the heel and a word of command, the good man was induced to turn into the flood. Once in, and he passed the terrors to the other side with equal vigor as he ever drove the plough, and leaped to the opposite bank with a short of delight, taking to the firm land with a swinging gallop, undaunted by hollows or twisting driftwood. His thick, grizzled mane rose and drifted along his neck like a blaze of sun-drenched fire, which the winds swayed after them with roars of delight.

Luckily, she was familiar with the route, otherwise the dense darkness might have led her astray. Panting and trembling alike, horse and rider reached the end of the dark covered bridge. Dolly reined directly on to it, so as in part to be protected from the gale, and also to be ready—if not late even now—to have the progress of her return.

What gloomy and fearful thoughts beset her. If that Dolly had arrived here this, which must discompose her, and might be precipitated into the rocks below, over which the water now was rushing with treacherous force.

"Oh, mercy! mercy! what is to be done?" cried out again the horrified wife.

One swift moment's thought showed Dolly the only chance for hope, if indeed it were not already too late.

"The only chance for help, or warning, is for me to take one of the horses and ride by the ford and dash down the other side of the river, and meet them. Quick, Ellen, and get the horses, while I get Dolly's equipment."

"What? What?" questioned the frightened wife.

"What if, belated, they return, and unknowingly strike upon the bridge, which Mr. Hayley had been telling at this end of? They would discover nothing in the darkness, and might be precipitated into the rocks below, over which the water now was rushing with treacherous force."

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"Stop, for God's sake! Daniel! Daniel, ride back upon your haunches! the bridge is gone!"

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